

# VIETNAM COURIER

Information Weekly — F.O. : 46 Tran Hung Dao Street, Hanoi — Democratic Republic of Viet Nam

## SEVERE U.S.-PUPPET LOSSES HIGHLIGHTS OF MILITARY SITUATION

Significance of PLAF Successes  
in 35 Days of "Post-Tet" Wide-  
spread Attacks

- 104,000 enemy casualties, including 56,000 GIs and mercenaries from satellite countries.
- 35 battalions and mixed units of battalion size wiped out or heavily decimated.
- 1,600 planes and copters shot down or destroyed on the ground, 2,900 military vehicles including 1,440 tanks and armoured troop carriers wrecked, 530 cannons and mortars destroyed, 275 vessels and combat launches sunk or set afire, 270 depots of war supplies set ablaze or blown up.

(Abridged excerpts from April 6, 1969.  
PLAF Command's Communiqué\*)

Pages 4-5

April 14  
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No. 212  
6th Year

## GROWING POPULAR DISCONTENT IN THE U.S. OVER NIXON'S VIET NAM POLICY

**T**HE Nixon administration had to face on April 5 last the biggest wave of popular protest against the war since it came into power. The demonstrators gave a warning that as long as the war lasted, such actions would continue.

At the Capitol, the "hour-long rampage" by the new congressional forces had practically ended. William Fulbright reminded Nixon of his promises in 1968 when he was electioneering for president. Rep. George E. Brown, Jr., of California, said: "Hatin' old remarked that the United States under Nixon had escalated both its air bombings and its ground war activities.

The whole American people have been shocked and disatisfied with the new president's policy. The April 5 demonstrators' armada carrying the "33,000" represented the number of Americans troops killed in Viet Nam according to the U.S. Defence Department, spokesman for the feelings of U.S. men-in-the-street. As U.S.

authorities have admitted that 161 casualties in South Viet Nam have doubled compared with the last months of 1968, they cannot have much of an excuse for their war which is supposed to result from their own propaganda on the "de-Americanization" of the Vietnamese. The importance and consequence of the army of Nguyen Van Thieu are so obvious that nobody thinks it can replace the American expeditionary troops. Brown Brown realizes on the contrary that so long as Nixon persists in continuing Johnson's criminal policy and makes his predecessors' mistakes, he will go on snatching from American families tens of thousands of human lives and tens of billions of dollars.

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(continued page 2)

## THE DRVN DOWNS THE 3,276th U.S. PLANE

On April 5, at nightfall, an American pilotless plane was guided by the Hanoi Air Force, of Hanoi. The direct hit of north Viet Nam AA defense brought the total of U.S. planes and helicopters shot down between August 5, 1964 and April 5, 1969 to:

3,276



Plain of Reeds people supplying the front line.





IN THE UNITED STATES

## WIDESPREAD ACTIONS for an End to Viet Nam War

Responding to an appeal of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Viet Nam, hundreds of thousands of Americans in 13 states on April 5 turned out in the streets urging a ban to the U.S. war in Viet Nam, pulling off G.I.s from South Viet Nam and resolution of peace in Viet Nam. This was the first great protest wave against the Viet Nam war since the beginning of the Nixon administration.

Protests, large and numerous, old and young, Black and White, included unionists, clergymen, professors, anti-Viet Nam war groups, GIs in active service and demobilized armymen.

In New York, 10,000 people demonstrated in a march led by David Dellinger, chairman of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Viet Nam.

In Chicago, over 20,000 people took part in what was described as "the biggest march in the history of Chicago".

In Washington, where the strictest measures had been taken to prohibit protest in front of the White House, a large number of protesters including people from other cities, met at Macpherson Square then marched on the White House.

In Newark, some 20,000 people, including servicemen, marched three miles from the civic centre to the presidio camp where last October U.S. soldiers staged a sit-in protest against the aggression in Viet Nam for which they were charged with mutiny and detained at the camp prison. The demonstrators carried signs reading, "Smash U.S. imperialism", "Stop the war now!" and demanding the release of 27 detained soldiers.

In Los Angeles, 5,000 persons took part in a protest parade and uprooted a pro-war resolution from Mrs Nguyen Thi Binh, deputy head of the NLF Delegation to the Paris Conference, was played back.

In San Francisco, 20,000 people, Black and White, paraded through the city behind a NLF flag.

In Chicago, during the presence of over 500 soldiers, nearly 20,000 demonstrators marched for 2 hours in what *UPI* described as "the first large-scale demonstration since President Nixon took office."

In Atlanta, more than 2,500 people staged a protest march against the Viet Nam war.

In Philadelphia, several hundred people took part in a demonstration at the annual Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the South - Wide Mobilization Committee against the War in Viet Nam.

Other anti-war demonstrations broke out at Seattle, Los Angeles, Baltimore, Honolulu, and San Francisco.

On April 6, 26 American poets of renown raised their voices against the Viet Nam war and declared their full support for the American youths who refuse to take part in this unjust war.

Paul O'Leary, a well-known personality of the Democratic Party, told newsmen that the anti-war demonstration was well-organized and to mark the beginning of the massive marches for peace in Viet Nam scheduled to be held throughout the country.

On the second day of the new anti-Viet Nam war drive

OUR plane made a last circle over Copenhagen and carried us away to Genoa. We were brought to a close one thousand miles to Denmark. Waving our hands, we bade farewell to many hundred picturesquely islands which gradually came out of the mist. During our stay in that far-off land, what attracted us most was not its beauty, but the manifestations of sincere friendship felt by the Communist Party, the working class and Danish progressives for our country and our people.

Despite their huge propaganda machine and its strenuous efforts, the American imperialists cannot distort the truth about their dirty war of aggression. Wherever we went, we virtually met no Danish

won the hearts and minds of Danish progressives. The hall where the 23rd Congress of the Danish Communist Party held its session had no other decorations than the flags of Denmark, of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam and the National Front for Liberation. The first problem raised by the political report of the Party Central Committee was Viet Nam and the first item in the resolution of the Congress was also Viet Nam. The only message to the world's revolutionary people and unanimously adopted by the Congress was the one sent to the heroic people of Viet Nam. The address of the representatives of our Party to the NLF was greeted by storms of applause. The delegates chanted "Viet Nam" "Ho! Ho Chi Minh!"—shouts which resounded in the very heart

of the boy answered most naturally. Everybody burst out laughing.

As we were preparing to leave for the airport on our home trip, three young men called on us. Twenty years of age at most, they were messengers holding a liner. They had come to Copenhagen from an island in the Arctic, hundreds of miles away in the thick of winter, had been unable to get men and earth to contact us and had over 2,000 kroner which they had saved. No small sum indeed for young workers who had sacrificed their apprenticeship! More significantly, it carried the weight of the Danish working class' lofty feelings for Viet Nam and the Vietnamese people.

While following the developments in our country, Danish progressive paid

## Three Days in DENMARK

by HONG NGA

progressive who did not feel indignant at the atrocities committed by the Yankees in both parts of our country. They silently followed us and from the civic centre to the presidio camp where last October U.S. soldiers staged a sit-in protest against the aggression in Viet Nam for which they were charged with mutiny and detained at the camp prison. The demonstrators carried signs reading, "Smash U.S. imperialism", "Stop the war now!" and demanding the release of 27 detained soldiers.

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In Copenhagen as at Roskilde, at East Gate Hotel in the Danish capital's suburb we were welcomed by our friends as combatants from the front. Our struggle for the defence of the Fatherland, just as the revolutionary activities of President Ho Chi Minh, have

attracted the admiration of our fighting and production, but also to the progress of our literature and arts. Several told us of the enormous contributions of our compatriots to every thing in our power to launch a widespread movement among the Danish progressive people supporting the Vietnamese people's struggle against U.S. aggression, for national salvation until total victory."

Pictures of President Ho Chi Minh and flags of the DRVN and the NLF can be seen everywhere. They can be seen in the salons bearing different names, which have emerged one after another, undertake to inform wide popular strata of the heroic struggle the Yankees have perpetrated and the just cause we are fighting for. The first concern of progressive Danes is to help us as much as they can, and to satisfy in the most effective manner our demands in the fighting and in production. From the Free Viet Nam Committee and the Federation for Solidarity with Viet Nam the one, the other, Dones have already set up the 1969 Viet Nam Committee intended to rally still more adherents to step up for the people the material and moral support called for in this unjust situation.

We also found tokens of progressive Danish people's true sentiments toward our countrymen. They are people of soil of waters and waters, interpreters and divers, even in the affectionate smiles of children we came across. We visited the friendly American Embassy in Copenhagen on the Spring Festival Day. According to the tradition, on this occasion everybody partakes in an exciting masquerade in fancy dress. Wattin's little son put on a helmet and carried a rifle slung over his shoulder.

"What sort of costume have you on?" I asked him. "That of a Vietnamese guerrilla fighting the Yankees!"

"Proletarians everywhere are brothers."

VIET NAM COURIER

# The Young Nurse

*Huynh Thi Kien, 21, was a nurse with a guerrilla unit in Dien Ban district (28 km south of Da Nang). Caught by the enemy in February 1967, she evined great courage under the most savage tortures. U.S.-puppet agents twice tried to cut off her leg. The following story recounts their barbarous attempts.*

(Editor's note)

I spent that night in a field hospital in the midst of the jungle. Although overcome with fatigue, I kept tossing in my bed and couldn't sleep.

At one point late at night, I heard light footsteps and a little clinking sound. In the dark I heard a woman's voice. I saw a young nurse lying down the underground passage she was leaning on a crutch and holding in her hand a small saucer containing little glass or metallic objects resembling syringes and needles. She stopped at the bedside of a wounded soldier and gently woke him up to give him an injection. As she slipped past the bed and disappeared, I looked at her. I saw her chubby face and slant eyes, and thought I recognized her. I sat up and asked her point-blank, "Aren't you Tam Kien? You worked as a nurse with the Dien Ban guerrillas, didn't you?"

I was nineteen. At my age, who would not value life? But I decided not to bow my head before the enemy. "Yes, I am still alive. I shouted, "but not like you, in ignominy, licking American boots and torturing your fellow-countrymen."

Khoi again struck my leg with his knife and brandished it in my face. "We'll make you talk all right, wrench! Put her to the rack, boys," he bellowed. His eyes were bloodshot and his forehead beaded with sweat.

She stopped and tried to speak again. "Save me," she cried softly, obviously overcome with joy. Then looking suddenly embarrassed, she began tracing little figures on the floor with the tip of her crutch and avoided the painful expression on my face as I involuntarily looked at her wooden leg. I gently asked her to sit down and have a talk.

Here is the story Tam Kien told me that night: "I was in mid-February 1967. After breaking an enemy sweep, blowing up two armoured cars and killing seventeen GIs, we were ordered to withdraw as far as the American reinforcements were brought in. I was in the rear with my first-aid kit. A bullet struck me in the thigh. I hid in a bush but was soon found by a search party. The agents of the Americans Lam and Khoi recognized my face and had me sent to VII prison in Hoa An. There patriots were detained, tortured, murdered, often in the most horrible fashion. American agents smashed their skulls with a sledgehammer, used them as targets for shooting practice, or threw them in the nearby river after ripping their bellies open and filling them with stones."

The day following my arrival, I was taken to the torture chamber. It was filled with all kinds of instruments: iron bars, nails, hammers, pincers, containers

full of soapy liquids to be poured onto the victims' nostrils... In the middle of the room was a plank-bed fitted with iron rings to immobilize the victim's limbs. Five or six butcher's knives were lying about, next to wooden pillows stained with my blood.

Lam, Khoi and two thugs came into the room, followed by two Americans. Khoi gave me a cold stare and suddenly punched me in the face, knocking me to the ground. I had two front teeth broken and my mouth was filled with blood.

Then his confederate Lam tried the "soft" technique. He leaned over and said in a persuasive voice, "Talk, girl. You're so young. Why give your life to the Vietcong?" I was nineteen. At my age, who would not value life? But I decided not to bow my head before the enemy. "Yes, I am still alive. I shouted, "but not like you, in ignominy, licking American boots and torturing your fellow-countrymen."

Khoi, mad with rage, rushed forward, seized the knife and gave a violent blow to my leg. My teeth pain shot up through my whole body. My throat choked and my eyes filled with tears.

A doctor came in and tried to intervene: "Why be so cruel to a young girl," he pleaded. Put her in jail if she is guilty of some offense." A violent blow struck him in the chest. "Get out!" shouted Khoi. Breathing hard, he turned to me: "Will you speak?" Again, I said, "No."

Khoi again struck my leg with his knife. The others also joined in. Writhing with pain, I felt my leg being gradually cut off from my body. The torturers were howling and their American "advisers" guffawing uproariously....

When I came to, a nurse was looking after me. She was a gentle and compassionate woman. Each day, she washed my wounds and changed the bandages. From time to time she would give me, on the sly, an injection of plasma. But soon she was replaced by a male nurse, of the torturer kind. He treated me in the most vicious way, causing me the most intolerable pain each time he "dressed" my wounds.

Exhausted, I lay panting on the torture bed. The thugs were growing restless with impatience and anger. American gave me a furious glance and signalled to Khoi, who roared, "Kill her!" He quickly seized a knife and brought it down on my injured leg. The others followed suit. I fainted.

Later, in the morgue where they had sent me thinking I

rascal, walked up to the Americans and talked to them in a low voice. He returned after a while and, flashing a smile, said, "Own up girl, and the Americans will take care of you. They will give you an artificial limb that will look even finer than your other leg..." He poked with his stick at my fettered remains and added with a cynical laugh, "We'll find you a new life, too." The just cause of the national government..." So, the thing was an agent of the so-called "Open Arms" programme. I interrupted him: "Save your breath! Aren't you ashamed to invoke a just cause? Look at my maimed leg and at your instruments of torture!" How dare you speak of justice and humanity? How many people have you tortured and killed?"

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The young nurse stopped screaming. She had remained the shy and gentle girl I used to know. As I looked at her childlike face, my heart was overwhelmed by deep feelings: respect, love, and pride.



was dead, my friend the nurse and some of her colleagues succeeded in saving my life. To do this later, the local people freed me and took me to the liberated area, where I was sent to a hospital. When I had recovered, the comrades in charge told me I was exempted from all task. But how could I remain idle while the Yanks and their agents are still there? And so I've volunteered to serve in this hospital..."

The young nurse stopped screaming. She had remained the shy and gentle girl I used to know. As I looked at her childlike face, my heart was overwhelmed by deep feelings: respect, love, and pride.

**HUYNH TAM**

## US-Puppets' Crimes in South Viet Nam

(Continued from page 2)

### Murders of Civilians

**T**HE U.S.-puppet systematic massacres of South Vietnamese has just been denounced by a *Giai Phong* Agency report.

On February 11, 1967, after breaking an enemy sweep, blowing up two armoured cars and killing seventeen GIs, we were ordered to withdraw as far as the American reinforcements were brought in. I was in the rear with my first-aid kit. A bullet struck me in the thigh. I hid in a bush but was soon found by a search party. The agents of the Americans Lam and Khoi recognized my face and had me sent to VII prison in Hoa An. There patriots were detained, tortured, murdered, often in the most horrible fashion. American agents smashed their skulls with a sledgehammer, used them as targets for shooting practice, or threw them in the nearby river after ripping their bellies open and filling them with stones.

The following day, they again took me to the torture chamber. The male nurse flung me on the plank-bed including the one hung up by American troops for 4 days to serve as targets, and Khoi started shouting: "We shall see if you can still keep your mouth shut to the last minute." Then he got me to talk. "You're not the Americans," he said, "and we won't beat you. These gentlemen will even give you money." He looked at the Americans and gave an obsequious laugh. The Yanks nodded approvingly.

I spat blood at their faces and cried, "You're not the Americans," he said, "and we won't beat you. These gentlemen will even give you money." He looked at the Americans and gave an obsequious laugh. The Yanks nodded approvingly.

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